

# CATARRH CURED FREE

**Bad Breath, K' Hawking and Spitting, Quickly Cured—Fill Out Free Coupon Below for Large Trial Package Mailed Free.**



The above illustration plainly shows what a few days use of Gauss Catarrh Remedy will do for any sufferer.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and consumption. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poisonous germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all costs. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be well.

comed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. Gauss, Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

## FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to C. E. GAUSS, 4365 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

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## Sister Woman! READ MY FREE OFFER

My mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

**This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent**

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—in fact—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing to be convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 2740 Joliet, Illinois.



## Facts about New York

**I**N a previous article we have imagined our entrance to the city from a completely rural neighborhood. We have gone only as far as the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Society and now will start downtown. We will take the elevated railroad or, as, for brevity, it usually called, "the L." The station is at the northern terminus of the line. There is a level walk by which we approach from the park, but at all other stations we must ascend by stairs, sometimes to a considerable height. The road is standard-gauge, double-tracked throughout and with a third track for part of the way. It is carried along the streets on iron pillars, set near the curb on either side of the street. These lift the structure to such a height that moving vans, etc., can pass under without difficulty at the lowest places. Elsewhere, to avoid steep grades, the height is much greater.

We enter the station and buy a red ticket for each member of the party. They cost five cents each. These we drop in a box guarded by a solemn-looking individual in blue coat and brass buttons, known as the "ticket chopper," and pass out on the platform. We see two or three persons attempt to pass and hear them instructed to drop their tickets in the box. If this were a provincial village some of the bystanders would snicker at the greenness of the stranger. Not so in New York. In the village the stranger is a rarity. In the great city he is there by the thousands in fresh arrivals every day. The New Yorker looks at the stranger as does the hotel clerk and is not in the least amused by his unfamiliarity with new conditions.

A train comes up to the station, the gates are flung open and the crowd of arrivals hurries off the platform. Hurry is the word. In New York everybody hurries. If they do not they get run over. There are people from the outside who object to the hurry of New York, but, as usual, they miss the mark. There is nothing "feverish" about it, nothing of the "mad rush for dollars," which these groaning moralists discover. That the people of New York are any "madder" in this particular rush than the people of Kennebunk or Olympia is absurdly untrue. The whirl of speculation, which takes up columns of newspapers, affects but a minute fraction of the population of the city. The vast majority are working for wages, and the work and wages are similar to that in thousands of smaller towns. The dollars, for the most part, come in the same inconveniently small amounts, in the same familiar small bills and are passed out with the same promptitude to very similar-looking butchers, grocers, bakers and the rest. If stocks drop heavily on the Exchange a small fraction of the population will be excited. Another small fraction will read the big headlines, mention the matter to a friend as a means of carrying on a conversation, with about as much excitement as they remark the pleasant weather. The rest of the population pass without interest, emotion or remark to topics of whatever sort may suit their varied tastes. Humbugs and fakers of the Lawson type have ten times as many dupes outside of New York as they have in it, and "Wall Street" is mentioned a hundred times, population considered, in What Cheer or Skookum Chuck to once in the city where it is known as a narrow street, opposite Trinity Church and having a great many banks and brokerage offices. So much for the "mad rush for dollars."

The real reason for the hurry in New York is that the downtown district—lower Manhattan—is many miles from the homes of the multitude who daily do business there. A considerable time each day is occupied in going to and from business. When this is added to the hours they are employed they have left enough

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 210 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also, how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

time to sleep, and a little more. Naturally, this little more is a most precious asset and they make the most of it. They hurry to the train, they hurry from the train in order to get to their place of employment in time, to get the evening dinner while it is hot, to prepare for an evening away from home, to prepare for expected guests or to enjoy as much as is possible of the society of their families. A pale-faced, middle-aged clerk is sprinting toward the ferry in order to get his supper and take his daughter to a free lecture on "Constantinople" at the neighborhood assembly hall. And the visiting citizen of Blue Earth County sees him and shudders at the "mad rush for wealth," which is destroying lives and souls of the people of the metropolis.

When the great majority is hurrying thus most people accommodate themselves to the pace. A few fail to do so and possibly are bumped by some of the hurrying passers-by. The slow-paced bumpee hears the word "pardon" and sees the person who jostled him disappearing some paces ahead. He is surprised or, if ill-natured, indignant. But if he continues even a short time in the city he learns to move with the tide and, in time, if he bumps one of his leisurely going former townsmen, he will say "Beg pardon!" and scoot past with the celerity he has just witnessed.

We enter the train, which has on either side a long row of seats facing the centre. As we are starting from the terminus, many seats are vacant as the train leaves. Stations are about six blocks apart and are called, as we reach them, by the guards, who occupy the car platforms and who open and shut the gates. A crowd on the station platform surges forward as we arrive. "Let 'em off first! Let 'em off!" the guard shouts, and the crowd obediently, but impatiently, gives way as the debarking passengers hurry from the train. "Step lively, please!" is his next command, disregarding the fact that there may be present Philadelphians, whose feelings may be hurt. As a matter of fact, there has been an order that these words may not be used, but they are so to the point, so classic in their simplicity, that on occasion they involuntarily come forth, and the attempt of the railroad management to do away with one of the established customs of the city was, of course, doomed to failure.

A few stations, and we find that all the seats are occupied. It seems that nearly every passenger has a morning paper. There are all the well-known dailies printed in the English language and perhaps one or more in German, Italian or Yiddish, the latter in Hebrew characters. Another station and there are more passengers than seats. The men reach up and, grasping with one hand a strap which depends from a metallic rail, hold up the inevitable newspaper with the other and fall to reading with the unconcern born of long familiarity with accepted conditions. At the next station the crowd in the aisle increases and several women, bound upon shopping expeditions, are among those left standing. The sitting passengers sit tight and keep on reading. Our visiting friends from Tompkins Corners jump up in wild excitement and politely yield their seats. Still there are women left standing and our friends glare ferociously at the masculine sitters, but their glare gets no farther than the serried ranks of outspread newspapers, from which the readers do not lift their eyes. Their guide, a case-hardened New Yorker, cynically keeps his seat and bids them watch developments.

Another station is reached. A part of the crowd gets up to depart. The women who have been standing drop into the vacant seats. The men who have been standing keep on standing. Another crowd comes on. More men and women are standing. Another station is reached, more people get up, the women who were standing get the vacated seats, perhaps one or two fortunate men, after the women are all seated. And the visitors from Tompkins Corners still stand, with a pained where-am-I-at? expression, while their guide smiles and keeps his seat. They are getting at first hand some practical information on a subject of which they have read much, namely, the bad manners of New York men. We go on